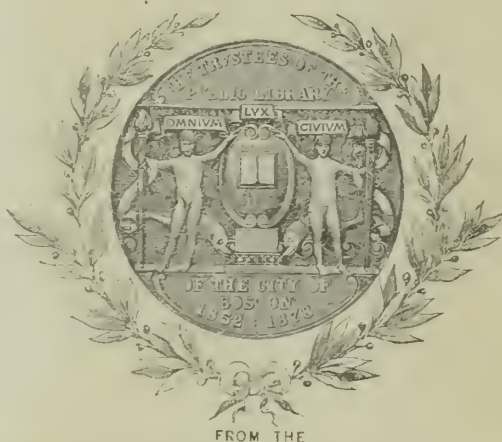


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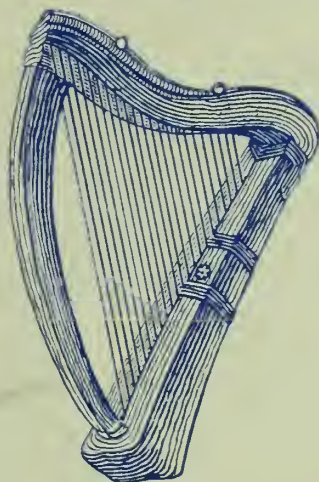
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SONGS OF THE IRISH HARPERS



Deep front cover

COLLECTED & ARRANGED
FOR HARP OR PIANO
BY

C. Milligan Fox

BAYLEY & FERGUSON : 2 Great Marlborough St., LONDON, W.
54 QUEEN STREET : GLASGOW.

New York, U.S.A. : G. Schirmer, 3 East 43rd Street

PRINTED IN GREAT BRITAIN.

M1744
F6856

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H.R.H. PRINCESS ALEXANDER OF TECK

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Sewall

Jan. 11, 1945

CA

Songs of the Irish Harpers



HEMPSON

Preface.

THIS volume is given the title of "Songs of the Irish Harpers" for two reasons—first, in recognition of the fact that the melodies to which they were written were preserved in their purity by the Wandering Minstrels of Ireland. Then it occurred to me that by arranging these airs for the Harp I might help in the revival of that delightful instrument. The Harp as an accompaniment to the voice is without a rival, and it is to be regretted that it is not more frequently heard and that it should be almost extinguished by the less sympathetic though ever useful pianoforte.

A Harp Festival was held in Belfast in the year 1792, when Edward Bunting noted down the melodies which were rendered by the Harpers who attended. The airs played there, with hundreds of others collected through the country, were published by him at different periods. His collection was largely drawn on by Moore for his Irish melodies. The note books and manuscripts of Edward Bunting came into my possession, and amongst them I discovered several beautiful melodies which he had not published. Five of these are included in this volume. Of the Harpers from whom Bunting gleaned his store, the name of Denis Hempson, who was ninety-seven at the date of the Belfast Harp Festival, deserves to be singled out. He was the exponent of the most ancient style of playing, and *Na Cumun*, or the "Parting of Friends," may be pointed to as an example of a melody preserved by him. Hempson and all the Harpers who played at Belfast were merely performers. The race of composers had then died out; in most cases the names of the makers of these exquisite melodies have faded from memory, but the Harpers preserved a few of them. Turlogh O Carolan, an eighteenth century Harper and composer, sometimes called "the Last of the Bards" is still known to fame. Old Hempson looked on him as a modernist, who had corrupted the old style of Irish music. Amongst the harp composers of the ancient school I will give only one representative name, that of Rory Dall O Cahan, who, born in Queen Elizabeth's reign, survived through the reigns of her two

successors. The last song in this volume is attributed to him. Hempson and Rory Dall were as well-known in Scotland as in Ireland when they lived. Rory appeared before James VI., who reigned as first in England, and could not forbear the boast that he deemed O'Neill of Ulster a greater man. Hempson had the honour of harping in the presence of Prince Charlie in Holyrood.

There is therefore no unfitness in the fact that these songs of the Irish Harpers are now to be published in Scotland. The people of that kindred land will rejoice to know that a movement is now a-foot to set the Harp once more in her rightful place, and to teach the children of Ireland to recognise her as the national symbol of a Bardic Minstrelsy, unique for the utterance of a stream of priceless melody.

C. MILLIGAN FOX.



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I.

My Thousand Times Beloved.
(*A mhile gradh, le mhile lá.*)

This air, with the Gaelic words, was found in the pocket book of Edward Bunting. He collected it from the singing of a Mrs. O'Connor, in Galway, in 1798. In the English version Miss Alice Milligan makes of it a Harper's love song.

Sung by Miss Fielding Roselle; Miss May Coleman
and Mr H. Alexander.

My thousand times beloved.

(A mihle gradh, le mihle la).

Translation from the Gaelic by
ALICE MILLIGAN.

Arr. by C. MILLIGAN FOX.

Slowly and with feeling.

Voice. 1. A thou-sand lays these thou-sand days, I've

Piano. *f* *p* *sempre sostenuto*
col Pedale

made to praise your beau-ty rare, And songs of love at

feasts I raise, Though won-d'ring eyes re-prove me there I'll

rit. praise al - ways your beau - ty rare. *accel.* 2. Oh!
3. 'Tis

rit. *f* *p* *accel.*

sempre col Pedale

fair - er far than morn - ing's star, Your blue eyes are my
ru - moured wide I've won my bride, For 'tis my pride, when

soul's de - light, So let their beams wher - e'er you are Shine
har - pers tune For court or King, one song to sing. Love

rit. on my dreams to - night, to - night, Shine on my dreams to - night, to - night.
to my side, come soon, come soon, Love to my side, come soon, come soon.

rit.

My Thousand Times Beloved.

(A mhile gradh, le mhile lá.)

A THOUSAND lays these thousand days
I've made to praise your beauty rare,
And songs of love at feasts I raise,
Though wond'ring eyes reprove me there
I'll praise always your beauty rare.

Oh! fairer far than morning's star,
Your blue eyes are my soul's delight,
So let their beams where'er you are
Shine on my dreams to-night, to-night,
Shine on my dreams to-night, to-night.

'Tis rumoured wide I've won my bride,
For 'tis my pride, when harpers tune
For court or King, one song to sing—
Love, to my side, come soon, come soon,
Love, to my side, come soon, come soon.

A MHILE ghradh le mile lá
Na buail ar sheoid ní fhoghnann sé
Tá sé crón-breac, is e baoth gan chéill
Is béidhmid ag gol linn féin, linn fein,
Is ag imtheacht le barr an tsaoghail.

Is binne liom i na ceileabhar na n-eun
Nó ceolta sidhe 'o oidhche go lá
Gach focal beag sámh a thig ó do bheol
Is do chomhradh liom féin san oidhche san oidhche
'S do chomhradh liom féin san oidhche.

Tá se faoi an bpobal go bhfuil mé 's tu in gradh
'S go rachainn gan spás tar an sáile nonn
Fág'aidh mé an baile seo sul thig cionn ráithe
A rúin 'sa ghradh bi liom, bi liom
S a rúin 'sa ghradh bi liom.

II.

Golden Locks are my Delight.

(Cúl na Subh.)

This air, which was never published by Edward Bunting, was discovered in his Note Book. He records there that he obtained it from Mrs. Connor of Castlebar. The Gaelic words are among his MSS. The song in English by Miss Alice Milligan takes its subject from the Gaelic, but does not achieve translation. The air has a sort of 18th century daintiness.

Golden Locks are my Delight.

(Cúl na Subh.)

Translation from the Gaelic by
ALICE MILLIGAN.

Arr. by C. MILLIGAN FOX.

Merrily and brightly.

Voice. *p*

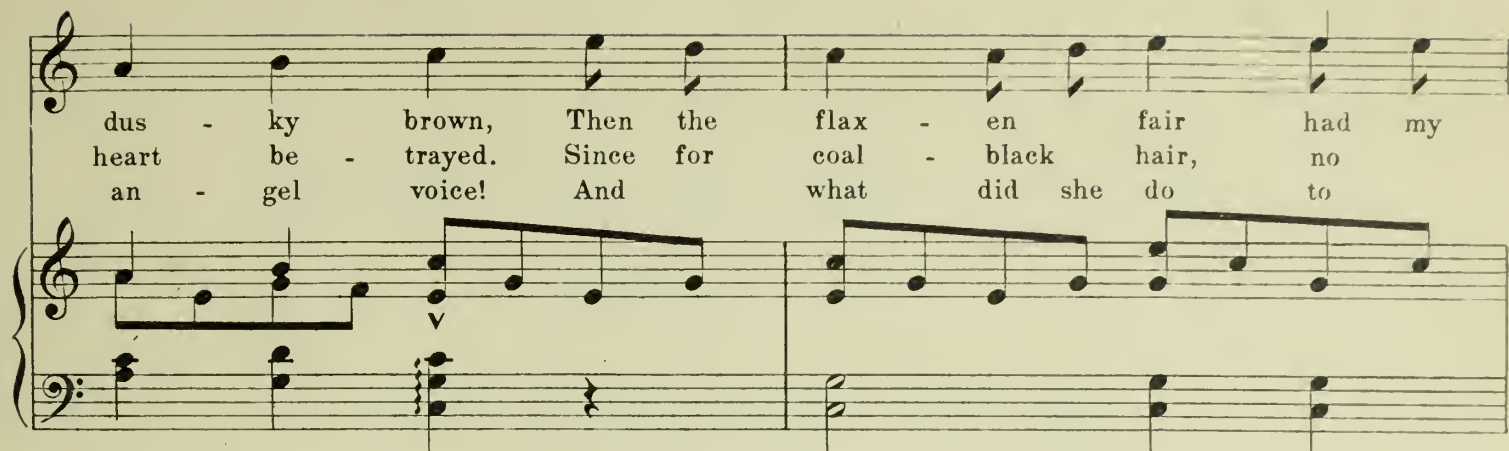
1. Beech - en red on my
do I know, since you
round - ly swore, that for

Piano. *p*

first love's head, The curls out - spread went ripp - ling down, For
tell me so, That you wea - ry grow of each slight - ed maid; But to -
ev - er - more I would her a - dore as my heart's one choice, I would

simili

ma - ny a day coal - black held sway, But in turn gave way to the
mor - row morn, it may be my turn To be left in scorn, with a
find no bliss, save in her sweet kiss, No mu - sic hear, but her

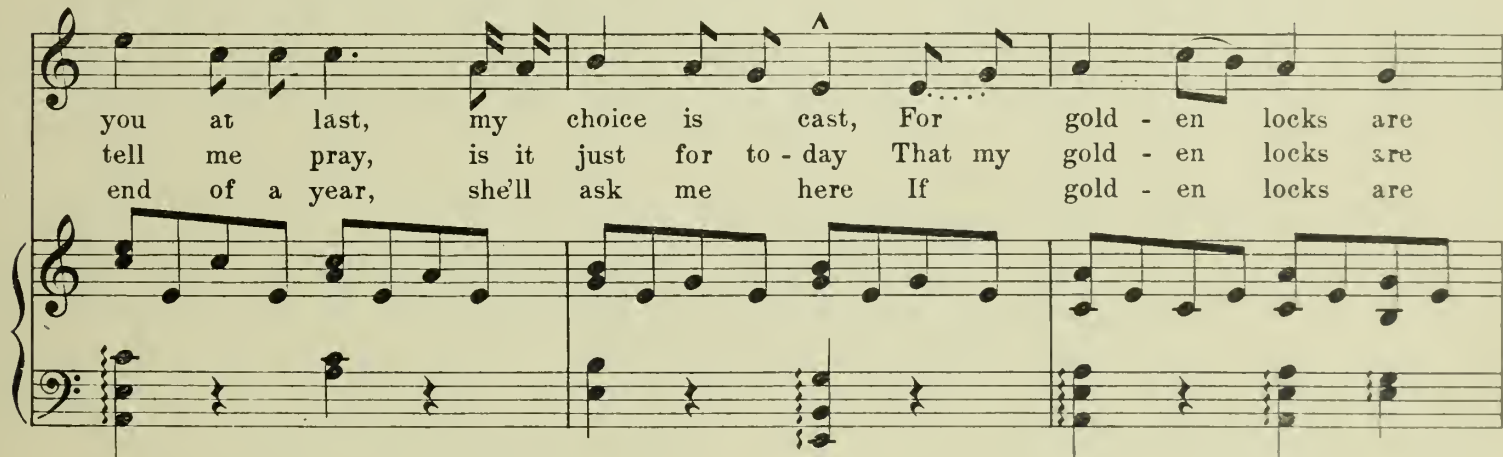


dus - ky brown, Then the flax - en fair had my
 heart be - trayed. Since for coal - black hair, no
 an - gel voice! And what did she do to



kis - ses' share But now my hopes are chang - ing quite, And on
 more you care, And the flax - en fair is for - sak - en quite, Oh
 prove me true, She has left me to rue, in lone - ly plight; And at

simili



you at last, my choice is cast, For gold - en locks are
 tell me pray, is it just for to - day That my gold - en locks are
 end of a year, she'll ask me here If gold - en locks are



my de - light.
 your de - light.
 my de - light?

Last time.

2. And how
 3. Then I

Golden Locks are my Delight.

(Cúl na Subh.)

BEECHEN red on my first love's head
The curls outspread went rippling down,
For many a day coal-black held sway,
But in turn gave way to the dusky brown,
Then the flaxen fair had my kisses' share
But now—my hopes are changing quite,
And on you at last, my choice is cast
For golden locks are my delight.

And how do I know, since you tell me so,
That you weary grow of each slighted maid ;
But to-morrow morn it may be my turn
To be left in scorn, with a heart betrayed.
Since for coal-black hair no more you care,
And the flaxen fair is forsaken quite.
Oh tell me, pray, is it just for to-day
That my golden locks are your delight ?

Then I roundly swore that for evermore
I would her adore as my heart's one choice—
I would find no bliss save in her sweet kiss,
No music hear but her angel voice
And what did she do ?—To prove me true,
She has left me to rue in lonely plight,
At the end of a year she'll ask me here
If golden locks are my delight.

ACHUIL na subh ta dualach dubh,
Nach truagh leat me bheith gol' do dhiaidh
Má's truagh leat sin tabhair fuasgailt damh
Amharc orm le do dhá shúil claoín.

Biom ar bhruid gach lá dá dtig
Is ceolta cruit ní binn liom iad
Fá mo chailín dubh fa a bhfuair me guth
Mo ghruaidh a silt gach lá na diaidh

Chuir mé dúil ann do chúl
'S dar mo chubhais ba mhairseach é
Is an do bhéul ta ar dhath na gcaor
Nach dearna bréag 's nar pheacaigh riamh.

A chúil na subh ta dualach dubh
Nach truagh leat me bheith gol' do dhiaidh
Má 's truagh leat sin tabhair fuasgailt damh
Amharc orm le do dhá shúil claoín.

III.

The Parting of Friends. (*Air-Na Cumun.*)

This beautiful and melancholy air was not published in any of Bunting's collections, but is taken down in one of his note books, with the title of "Na Cumun," or "Scarroon na Gompanagh" (we give his own phonetic spelling). This means "The Bond; or, The Scattering of the Company." There is added this note, "remarkable old, sings to M'Cabe's verses on Caralan." In another note we are told of an air called "The Scattering of the Company; or, Parting of Friends," which harpers were accustomed to play at the end of a banquet or festival, and in his first volume Bunting gives us a quite different tune, a brisk and graceful one with this name. It may have been that the sadder air was used on occasions when death had taken place, or a prolonged parting was in prospect. Taking our choice of the different Irish words for this old air, we give the lament written by Cahal M'Cabe, a northern poet on the death of his friend, Turloch O Carolan, Harper and Bard, which from Bunting's note we take to be the best for singing to it. The English version translates and expands a single verse of "The Parting of Friends," which is all that is given of that poem in Bunting's Manuscripts.

Sung by Miss May Coleman and Miss Fielding Roselle.

The Parting of Friends.

(Na Cumun.)

Translated from the Gaelic by
ALICE MILLIGAN.

Arr. by C. MILLIGAN FOX.

Adagio.

Voice. *Ere long thro' the town my way I had wend-ed, By*

Piano.

cresc.

hun-dreds 'twas shown I was tru-ly be - friended; We are

f

cresc. *f*

now gathered here, yet my spi - rit is griev-ing, The hour draw-eth

con espress. e rit.

near when my friends I'll be leav - ing.

The musical score is written for voice and piano. The voice part is in a single melodic line with lyrics in Gaelic. The piano part consists of two staves (treble and bass clef) with a harmonic accompaniment. The tempo is marked 'Adagio'. There are several dynamic markings: 'cresc.' (crescendo), 'f' (forte), and 'con espress. e rit.' (con espressione and ritardando). The lyrics are in Gaelic and are written below the voice staff. The piano part has a consistent rhythmic pattern of chords.

The wine-cup goes round and song is in-vit-ed, The

harp-strings re-sound to listeners de-light-ed; Let the

cresc.

gay mu-sic swell, till the time comes to sev-er, My heart know-eth

cresc.

f

well we are part-ing for ev-er.

con espress. e rit.

3

The Parting of Friends.

(*Air-Na Cumun.*)

ERE long through this town my way I had wended,
By hundreds, 'twas shown, I was truly befriended ;
We are now gathered here, yet my spirit is grieving,
The hour draweth near, when my friends I'll be leaving.

The wine-cup goes round and song is invited,
The harp-strings resound to listeners delighted ;
Let the gay music swell, till the time comes to sever,
My heart knoweth well we are parting for ever.

(*Marbhna Chearbhallain.*)

MOBHÍRÓN! mo mhilleadh! mo thinneas's mo bhuaidhreamh trath
Do chéol-chruit mhilis, gan bhinneas, gan suairceas dán.
Cia dhéanfasaiteas do'n ghasraidh ná ceól go buan,
Os fíor, a charaid, gur leagadh thu a g-cómhra chruadh?

Trath éirghídhim air maidin, a's dhearcaim an tír faói chiach
Agus shúidhim air na cnocaibh, go bh-feicim an dubh a n-iar,
A Aen-mhic Mhuire! furtaigh do 'm chás a's riar!
'S go n-dearnadh loch fola, de amharc mo shúl a'd dhiaidh!

IV.

Men of Connaught.

(*Dombhnall Meirgeach.*)

This would seem to be the lament of an unfortunate Connaughtman, banished from his native province because of a dispute with his family ; or was it that he had left home with gold and abundance, but without permission of his parents, and having spent all feared to return ? It is interesting to note that he counted amongst his afflictions the difference in the Gaelic speech as spoken by Munstermen. The variations of accent and idiom between West and South have been the subject of controversy among Irish scholars of our own day. The air was published by Bunting. The Gaelic words are from his MSS. Translation by Mrs. Alice Chambers Buntin. Note the Spanish dance measure of the music.

Sung by Mr Owen Colyer and Mr H. Alexander.

Men of Connaught.

Translation from the Gaelic by

ALICE C. BUNTEN.

Arr. by C. MILLIGAN FOX.

Con energia.

Voice.

Piano.

mf

col Pedale

1. Men of

Con-naught so fa-mous for love, games and sport-ing, Good

sempre col Pedale

com-rades I bid you - fare - well for a long time, Strange deeds and ad -

ven-tures in strange lands I'm court-ing, To carve out my way if it's

peace, or it's war-time. A hand kiss to you now I

cresc.

blow you, I blow you, There on the wind it is

car-ried a - long, My love, by this to - ken I show you, I

show you, 'Tis bet-ter than speech and it's bet-ter than song.

2. Men of
3. Men of

Con-naught, if you would but join me in rov-ing, What
Con-naught, your friend-ship no com-fort has brought me Since

times we would have in our search for some trea-sure; We'd work for the
Mun-ster men on-ly I see at my side. Their Gae-lic is

girls left be-hind, we are lov-ing, To save for our dear ones is
strange from the tongue that ye taught me, But lit-tle that mat-ters if

al - ways a plea - sure. All an - ger at the part - ing should
here I could bide. So off to the sea - board I'm

cresc.

van - ish, should van - ish, Fa - ther and mo - ther are
start - ing, I'm start - ing, Nev - er look'd Ire - land so

ad. *ad.* *

vexed with their son. But tho' their wild boy they can ban - ish, can
fair to the view. When her sons for strange lands are de - part - ing, de -

a tempo *marcato*

ad. *

ban - ish, He'll show them till death that he loves ev - 'ry - one.
part - ing, They all have one cry "We will come back to you!"

ad. *ad.*

Men of Connaught.

(Domhnall Meirgeach.)

MEN of Connaught so famous for love, games and sporting,
Good comrades I bid you farewell for a long time.
Strange deeds and adventures in strange lands I'm courting
To carve out my way if it's peace or it's wartime.
A hand kiss to you now I blow you, I blow you
There on the wind it is carried along.
My love by this token I show you, I show you,
'Tis better than speech and it's better than song.

Men of Connaught, if you would but join me in roving,
What times we would have, in our search for some treasure.
We'd work for the girls left behind, we are loving,
To save for our dear ones is always a pleasure.
All anger at parting should vanish, should vanish,
Father and Mother are vexed with their son.
But though their wild boy they can banish, can banish,
He'll show them till death, that he loves everyone.

Men of Connaught, your friendship no comfort has brought me,
Since Munster men only I see at my side ;
Their Gaelic is strange, from the tongue that ye taught me,
But little that matters if here I could bide.
So off to the seaboard I'm starting, I'm starting,
Never look'd Ireland so fair to the view.
When her sons for strange lands are departing, departing,
They all have one cry, "We will come back to you."

A Connachtaighe chóir an tsuilt is an spóirt
An imirt is an ól do dheanamh
Sin chugaibh mo phog ar leigeaint annsa ród
Ag imtheachtain le seol gaoithe.
Is minic annsa' ló meisg orm ró-mhor
Le n-a gcluim anndo ghleo Muimhneach
Is té budh glice dá bpór nach dtuigfeadh mar bu choir.
Ach siolla do mo ghlór direach.

Ni'l ach ráithe agus seachtmhain ó dfágaibh mé an baile
Lán d'ór 'sdo gach shórt d'éadaigh,
Mo chrád má bhi liom beannacht mathar nó athara,
Gidh náireach an cleas le n-a dheanamh.
Mo cháirde uile go léir an méid acu nár éag
Go dtugadar go léir fuath dhom
Gan aon thocalann a mbéal ath do mhill thu fein
Agus fulaing do réir do thualach.

V.

Moorlough Mary.

This beautiful air survives without any known Gaelic words, and it is associated with a quaint street ballad in English, which is given as well as a poem specially written for it. The air has all the characteristics of the ancient style, and must have been composed by one of the old bardic Harpers.

Moorlough Mary.

Words adapted from an Ulster Folk Song by
ETHNA CARBERY.

Collected and arranged by
C. MILLIGAN FOX.

Andante con espressione.

Voice. 1. The first time I saw my Moor-lough

Piano. *col Pedale* *sempre col Pedale*

Ma - ry, 'Twas in a mar - ket in

sweet Strabane— Her smil - ing glan - ces be-witched my sen - ses, She was

fair - er far than the sum - mer dawn, Her

eyes as blue as the sky a - bove us, Still

cresc.

haunt my dream-ing both night and day; I wake from slum - ber to sigh in

ritard.

ritard.

long - ing "Oh, Moor - lough Ma - ry will you come a - way?"

p

2. Oh... Moor-lough lies in a world of
3. When I come at last to my Moor-lough

hea-ther, Where Ma-ry's lit-tle brown
Ma-ry, I'll take her lit-tle brown

feet go bare; And many a val-ley and hill di-
hand in mine, I'll kiss her lips where the row-an

vide us, Yet I will jour-ney to
tar-ries, I'll kiss her eyes where the

seek her there. I'll climb the hills and I'll swim the
sun - beams shine: And should she frown at her lov - er's

cresc.

riv - ers, I'll... travel the crests of the heath wind -
dar - ing, In the soft - est whis - per to her I'll

blown; say - Her face in my heart like a
"My home is my wait - ing, and my

ritard.

star I car - ry, And it shall guide me to find my own.
heart is lone - ly, Oh, Moor - lough Ma - ry, will you come a - way?

con passione

Moorlough Mary.

THE first time I saw my Moorlough Mary,
'Twas in a market in sweet Strabane ;
Her smiling glances bewitched my senses,
She was fairer far than the summer dawn.
Her eyes as blue as the sky above us
Still haunt my dreaming both night and day ;
I wake from slumber to sigh in longing,
"Oh, Moorlough Mary, will you come away?"

Oh, Moorlough lies in a world of heather,
Where Mary's little brown feet go bare;
And many a valley and hill divide us,
Yet I will journey to seek her there.
I'll climb the hills and I'll swim the rivers,
I'll travel the crests of the heath wind-blown ;
Her face in my heart like a star I carry,
And it shall guide me to find my own.

When I come at last to my Moorlough Mary,
I'll take her little brown hand in mine,
I'll kiss her lips where the rowan tarries,
I'll kiss her eyes where the sunbeams shine ;
And should she frown at her lover's daring,
In the softest whisper to her I'll say—
"My home is waiting, and my heart is lonely,
Oh, Moorlough Mary, will you come away?"

Street Ballad Version of Moorlough Mary.

The first time I saw young Moorlough Mary 'Twas in a market of sweet Strabane ; Her smiling countenance was so engaging, All other fair ones she did trepan. Her killing glances bereave my senses ; No rest can I find either night or day ; In my silent slumber I start with wonder, Saying "Moorlough Mary, will you come away?"	I'll go down to yon woodland to my situation, Where recreation is all in view, On the river Mourne where salmons sporting, And sounding echoes bring something new. The thrush and blackbird will join in chorus With notes melodious on Liskea brae, And the sweet lough stream I would restore you, Saying, "Moorlough Mary, will you come away?"
From Moorlough banks I will never wander, Where heifers graze on yon pleasant soil ; Where lambkins sporting, fair maids resorting, The timorous hare and blue heather bell. I'll press my cheese, and my wool I'll tease, And my ewes I'll milk by the eve of day ; The hurling moor-cock and lark alarms me ; From bonnie Moorlough I'll never stray.	Were I man of great education, And Erin's isle all at my command, I'd lean my head on her snowy bosom, In wedlock's band, love, give me your hand. I'd entertain her both eve and morning ; With robes I'd dress her both rich and gay ; With kisses sweet I would embrace her, Saying, "Moorlough Mary, will you come away?"

MR. ROBERT JOHNSTON, Lisnaveane, Belfast, sang me this air, of which he had only one verse. His daughter, known to fame as "Ethna Carbery," author of "The Four Winds of Erin," supplied the new version given above. Afterwards, in response to an enquiry made in the "Tyrone Constitution," I received through the post a copy of the street ballad from Mr. Francis Duggan, of Altigoland, near Castlederg, as he learned it some twenty years ago. It is still current about Strabane, Co. Tyrone.

VI

Sorrow of Sorrows.

(A Connaught Love Song.)

This song was composed by the Editor in imitation of the old Irish School, after a long and prolonged study of the method of Irish composition and the formation of the Irish Scale.

The words have also been inspired by the Study of Gaelic Poetry and written by Miss Alice Milligan.

Dedicated to Lord Castletown.

Sorrow of Sorrows.

Words by ALICE MILLIGAN.

Music by C. MILLIGAN FOX.

Andante and with deep feeling.

Voice. *6/8*

Piano. *6/8*

1. Sor - row of sor - rows is
2. The eyes in my head are

love's heavy be - gin - ning In a white - leaved book it is
with weep - ing As berries that ri - - pen

writ after - ten down, And the joy heart is o - ver when
a shower; And the heart from my breast is

love's a - win - ning; But loss of love is a thorn - ier crown.
in your keep - ing, Like a wild dove flown to a pri - son tower.

cresc. *dim.*

'Tis a true, true word and too
Your last word was that I

con espress. *poco rit.* *pa tempo*

well I know it, Of that Con - naught Poet what -
be to for - get you, Love I'd for - get but

ev - er his name. I knew not love till you came to show it, And I've
nev - er dis - dain, My seven - fold curse on the day I met you, But

rit. *molto ritard.*
known no peace since the day you came.
when will you come to me a - gain?

rit. *molto ritard.*

Sorrow of Sorrows.

(A Connaught Love Song.)

SORROW of sorrows is love beginning,
In a white-leaved book it is written down,
And joy is over when love's a winning ;
But loss of love is a thornier crown.

'Tis a true true word and too well I know it,
Of that Connaught poet, whatever his name.
I knew not love till you came to show it,
And I've known no peace since the day you came.

The eyes in my head are heavy with weeping,
As berries that ripen after a shower.
And the heart from my breast is in your keeping,
Like a wild dove flown to a prison tower.

Your last word was that I be to forget you,
Love I'd forget but never disdain,
My sevenfold curse on the day I met you,
But when will you come to me again ?

VII.

The Red Haired Girl.

This air was taken from the Bunting MSS. where no words accompany it. Mrs. Alice Chambers Buntin supplies the lyric given with it.

Sung by Mr Owen Colyer and Mr H. Alexander.

The Red Haired Girl.

Words by ALICE C. BUNTEN.

Arr. by C. MILLIGAN FOX.

With vigour.

Piano.

f *p* *f*

Ma - ny girls I know, with long tres - ses that flow, And

ma - ny are the maids, with their hair all a-curl - But like fields of wav - ing corn are her

tres - ses in the morn And the rud - dy gold-en glint of the red - haired girl.

rit. *rit.*

f *p* *f*

Praise no Span-ish maids, or French with their braids, It's an

Ped. * *Ped.* *

Ir-ish col-leen sure makes my heart in a whirl, And I think the fair-est sight, that has

animato

brought me most de-light, Is the sheen up-on the locks of my red-haired girl.

rit. *rit.*

The Red Haired Girl.

MANY girls I know, with long tresses that flow,
And many are the maids, with their hair all a-curl,
But like fields of waving corn, are her tresses in the morn,
And the ruddy golden glint of the red haired girl.

Praise no Spanish maids, or French with their braids,
It's an Irish Colleen sure makes my heart in a whirl,
And I think the fairest sight, that has brought me most delight,
Is the sheen upon the locks of my red haired girl.

VIII.

The Gates of Dreamland.

This Air was taken from the Petrie Collection and set to words by A. E. The song appeared originally in a Christmas Number of the "Irish Homestead," and is now included in "The Divine Vision" (Macmillan & Co., Ltd.). It is printed here by permission of the Author and the Publishers.

Sung by Mr John Nicholls.

The Gates of Dreamland.

Words by A. E.

Arr. by C. MILLIGAN FOX.

Dreamily and softly.
p dim.

Voice.

1. It's a lone - ly road thro' bog - land to the lake at Car-row -
 2. There's a hand as white as sil - ver that is fond-ling with his

Piano.

con pedale

- more, And a sleep - er there lies dream-ing where the wa-ter laps the shore. Tho' the
 hair, There are glimm'-ring feet of sun - shine that are dan-cing by him there: And half

moth - wings of the twi - light in their pur - ples are un - furled, Yet his
 o - pen lips of fae - ry that were dyed to rich - est red, In their

cresc.

sleep is filled with mu - sic by the mas - ters of the world.
 re - vels where the Ha-zel Tree its ho - ly clus-ters shed.

D. S.

D. S.

p dim.

3. "Come a - way," the red lips whis - per, all the world is wea - ry
 4. "Tho' your col - leen's heart be ten - der, a ten - der - er heart is
 5. Oh, the great gates of the moun - tain have o - pened once a -

p

sempre col pedale

now, 'Tis the twi - light of the a - ges and it's time to quit the
 near, What's the star - light of her glan - ces when the stars are shin - ing
 gain, And the sound of song and danc - ing falls up - on the ears of

cresc.

plough. Oh, the ve - ry sun - light's wea - ry ere it light - ens up the
 clear. Who would kiss the fad - ing sha - dow when the flow'r face glows a -
 men; And the Land of Youth lies gleam - ing, flushed with rain - bow light and

cresc.

dew, And its gold is changed and fad - ed be - fore it falls to you."
 bove? 'Tis the beau - ty of all beau - ty that is call - ing for your love."
 mirth; And the old en - chant - ment lin - gers in the hon - ey heart of earth. *D.S.*

The Gates of Dreamland.

IT'S a lonely road through bogland
To the lake at Carrowmore,
And a sleeper there lies dreaming
Where the water laps the shore,
Though the moth wings of the twilight in their purples are unfurled,
Yet his sleep is filled with music by the masters of the world.

There's a hand as white as silver
That is fondling with his hair,
There are glimmering feet of sunshine
That are dancing by him there ;
And half open lips of faery that were dyed to richest red
In their revels where the Hazel Tree its holy clusters shed.

"Come away," the red lips whisper,
"All the world is weary now,
'Tis the twilight of the ages
And it's time to quit the plough.
Oh, the very sunlight's weary ere it lightens up the dew,
And its gold is changed and faded before it falls to you.

"Though your colleen's heart be tender,
A tenderer heart is near,
What's the starlight of her glances
When the stars are shining clear,
Who would kiss the fading shadow when the flower face glows above ?
'Tis the beauty of all beauty that is calling for your love."

Oh, the great gates of the mountain
Have opened once again,
And the sound of song and dancing
Falls upon the ears of men ;
And the Land of Youth lies gleaming flushed with rainbow light and mirth,
And the old enchantment lingers in the honey heart of earth.

IX.

The Foggy Dew.

This beautiful air was taken down from the singing of Mr. M'Garvey, of Dublin. The words were specially written for this publication by E. H. Milligan.

Sung by Mrs Harry Bedford and Mr H. Alexander.

The Foggy Dew.

Words by E. MILLIGAN.

Collected and arr. by C. MILLIGAN FOX.

In moderate time.

Voice.

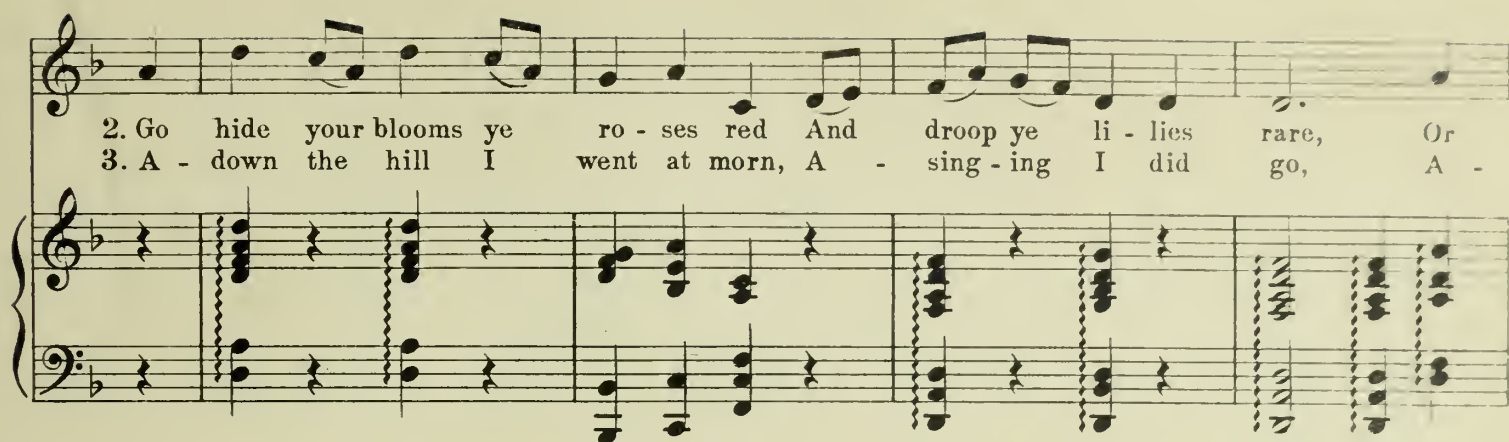
Piano.

1. A - down the hill I went one morn, A love-ly maid I

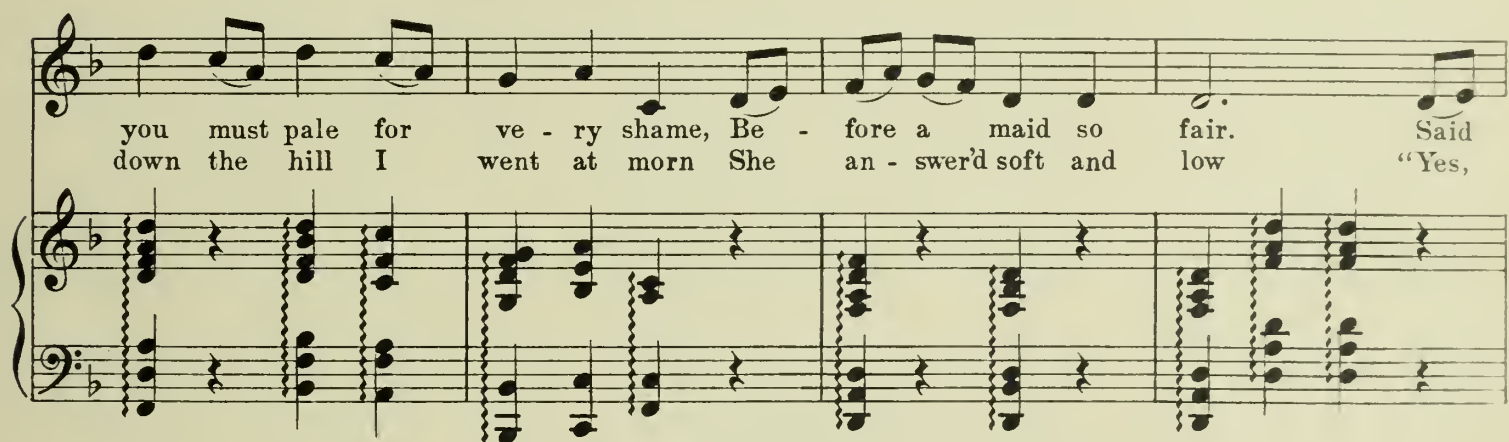
spied, Her hair was bright as the dew that wets Sweet An - ner's ver - dant

side, And where go ye, sweet maid? said I, She raised her eyes of

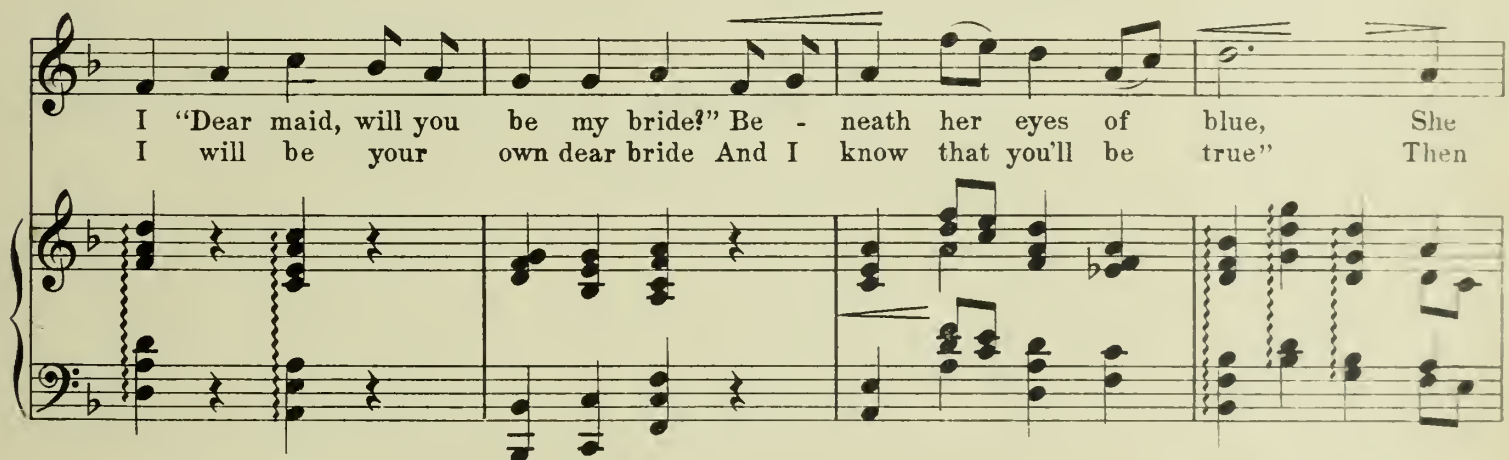
blue, And smiled and said "The boy I wed I'm to meet in the fog - gy dew."



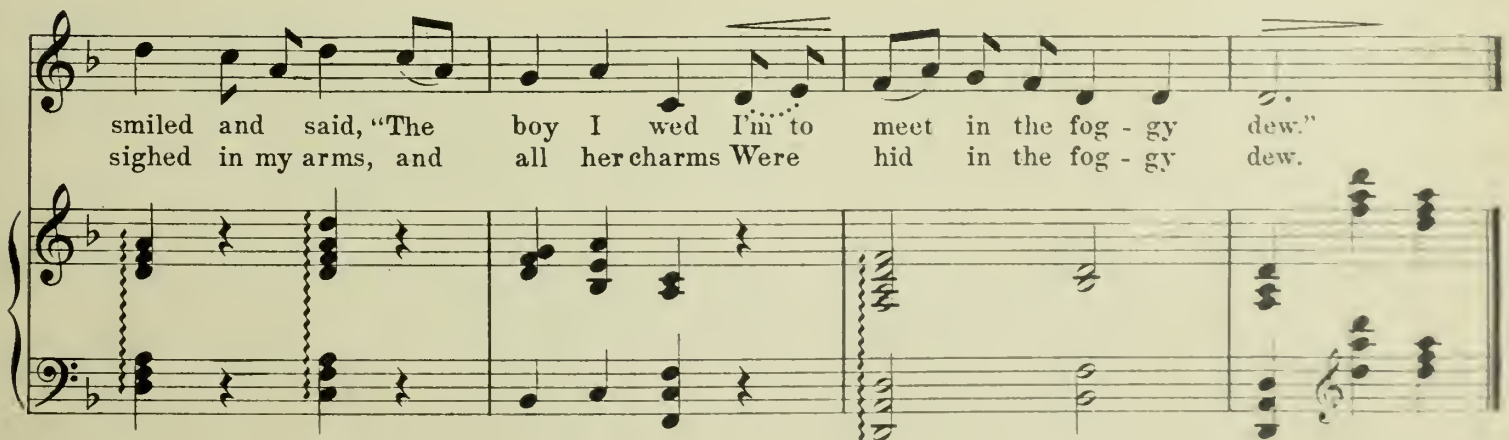
2. Go hide your blooms ye ro - ses red And droop ye li - lies rare, Or
3. A - down the hill I went at morn, A - sing - ing I did go, A -



you must pale for ve - ry shame, Be - fore a maid so fair. Said
down the hill I went at morn She an - swer'd soft and low "Yes,



I "Dear maid, will you be my bride?" Be - neath her eyes of blue, She
I will be your own dear bride And I know that you'll be true" Then



smiled and said, "The boy I wed I'm to meet in the fog - gy dew."
sighed in my arms, and all her charms Were hid in the fog - gy dew.

The Foggy Dew.

A DOWN the hill I went one morn,
A lovely maid I spied,
Her hair was bright as the dew that wets
Sweet Anner's verdant side.
"And where go ye, sweet maid?" said I,
She raised her eyes of blue,
And smiled and said, "The boy I wed
I'm to meet in the foggy dew."

Go hide your blooms, ye roses red,
And droop, ye lilies rare,
Or you must pale for very shame,
Before a maid so fair.
Said I, "Dear maid, will you be my bride?"
Beneath her eyes of blue,
She smiled and said, "The boy I wed
I'm to meet in the foggy dew."

Adown the hill I went at morn,
A-singing I did go,
Adown the hill I went at morn,
She answered soft and low,
"Yes! I will be your own dear bride
And I know that you'll be true,"
Then sighed in my arms, and all her charms
Were hid in the foggy dew.

*There are other airs with this poetical title, but bearing no relationship to it as, for example,
one which is wedded to a well-known poem by Mr. A. P. Graves.*

X.

The Thresher.

This air was also taken from the Bunting MSS. No words in Gaelic or English being available, Mrs. Alice Chambers Buntin has written a lively lyric to suit it.

Sung by Mr Owen Colyer.

The Thresher.

Words by ALICE C. BUNTEN.

Arr. by C. MILLIGAN FOX.

Merrily.

Voice.

Piano.

p

1. The thresh - er sends his flail on high, He
 2. The thresh - er's wife with - in the house, To
 3. "Of course, my dear," then cries the wife, "Full

p legato

works all day and sings right mer - ri - ly "Up and down and
 tease her man, she sings right mer - ri - ly "Up and down and
 well you know I care most hear - ti - ly, With our ups and

up and down, And what care I for
up with our downs you've proved the best for of

a - ny man," The chaff flies out and round a - bout, The
a - ny man, Be still, good wife, he cries a - gain, "I
a - ny man; I laugh to hear you sing that song That

thresh - er gives a loud - er shout, "Oh! love is short and
can - not have you sing that strain, Tho' love is short and
love is short and life that is long For though you'll con - tra -

life is long, So what care I for a - ny man."
life is long' I hope you care for your good - man."
- dict me flat Our love's been long, shure I know that!"

The Thresher.

THE Thresher sends his flail on high,
He works all day and sings right merrily,
“Up and down and up and down,
And what care I for any man?”
The Chaff flies out and round about,
The Thresher gives a louder shout,
“Oh love is short and life is long,
So what care I for any man?”

The Thresher's wife within the house,
To tease her man, she sings right merrily,
“Up and down and up and down,
And what care I for any man?”
“Be still, good wife,” he cries again,
“I cannot have you sing that strain,
Though love is short and life is long,
I hope you care for your goodman.”

“Of course, my dear,” then cries the wife,
“Full well you know I care most heartily,
With our ups and with our downs,
You've proved the best of any man;
I laugh to hear you sing that song,
That love is short and life is long,
For though you'll contradict me flat,
Our love's been long, shure I know that.”

XI.

Dear Dark Head.

(*Cean Dubh Deelish.*)

The air of Cean Dubh Deelish was collected by Edward Bunting, and entitled Black Headed Dearie. He took the air down from Miss Mary M'Cracken, of Belfast. Sir Samuel Ferguson wrote the metrical translation of the Irish from Hardiman's Minstrelsy.

Dear Dark Head.

(Cean Dubh Deelish.)

Words translated from the Gaelic by Sir SAMUEL FERGUSON.

Arr. by C. MILLIGAN FOX.

Sustained and with much expression.

Voice. Put your head, dar - ling, dar - ling, dar - ling, Your

Piano. *mf* *sempre arpeggio*

dar - ling black head, my heart a - bove. Oh! mouth of ho - ney with the thyme for

fra - grance, Who with heart in breast could de - ny you love?

Oh! ma - ny and ma - ny a young girl for me is pin - ing, Letting her locks of gold to the

The musical score is written for voice and piano. The key signature has one sharp (F#), and the time signature is 3/4. The piano part begins with a mezzo-forte (mf) dynamic and features a 'sempre arpeggio' texture. The lyrics are in English, with the Gaelic title '(Cean Dubh Deelish.)' in parentheses. The score is divided into four systems, each with a voice line and a piano line. The lyrics are: 'Put your head, dar - ling, dar - ling, dar - ling, Your dar - ling black head, my heart a - bove. Oh! mouth of ho - ney with the thyme for fra - grance, Who with heart in breast could de - ny you love? Oh! ma - ny and ma - ny a young girl for me is pin - ing, Letting her locks of gold to the'.

cold wind free; For me the fore-most of our gay young fel - lows, But I'll

f

leave a hun-dred pure loves for Thee. Then put your head dar - ling, dar - ling,

rit. *pp a tempo*

rit. *pp a tempo*

dar-ling, Your dar-ling black head my heart a - bove Oh! mouth of hon-ey with the

thyme for fra - grance, Who with heart in breast could de - ny you love?

ff

Dear Dark Head.

(Cean Dubh Deelish.)

PUT your head, darling, darling, darling,
Your darling black head, my heart above ;
Oh ! mouth of honey with the thyme for fragrance,
Who with heart in breast could deny you love ?

Oh ! many and many a young girl for me is pining,
Letting her locks of gold to the cold wind free ;
For me, the foremost of our gay young fellows,
But I'll leave a hundred pure loves for thee.

Then put your head, darling, darling, darling,
Your darling black head, my heart above ;
Oh ! mouth of honey with the thyme for fragrance,
Who with heart in breast could deny you love ?

A CHEINN dhiubh dhílis, dhílis, dhílis,
Cuir do lámh mhín-géal thorm a náll !
A bhéilín mheala, bh-fuil boladh na time air,
Is duine gan chróidhe nách d-tiubhrádh duit grádh,

Iá cáilineadha air an m-baile-so air builleadh 's air buaidhreadh.
Ag tarraing a n-gruaige 's dá léigeánn le gaóith
Air mo shon-sa an scafaire is fearr ann san tuaithe,
Acht do thréigfinn an méid sin air run Dhil mo chróidhe,

A's cuir do cheann díleas, díleas, díleas,
Cuir do cheann díleas tharm anall
A bhéilín mheala, a bh-fuil boladh na tíme air,
Is duine gan chróidhe nach d-tiubhradh duit grádh.

XII.

Pastheen Fionn.

Pastheen Fionn is an ancient and popular Connaught Song. I give the Gaelic from Hardiman's Irish Minstrelsy and Samuel Ferguson's translation. The chorus has been frequently used by our bards. Carolan used it in his "George Brabazon," and it may be found in other places. The air has been inserted in many of our standard Irish Collections.

Sung by Mr Owen Colyer and Miss Fielding Roselle
and Mr H. Alexander.

Pastheen Fionn.

English translation by Sir SAMUEL FERGUSON.

Arr. by C. MILLIGAN FOX.

Passionately.

Voice. *1. Oh my*

Piano. *p* *poco rit.*

2. Love of my heart, is my heart's de - light, Her

fair Pas - theen is my fair Pas - theen, Her

gay heart laughs in her blue eye bright, Like the

cheeks are red as the ro - ses sheen, But my

ap - ple - blos - som her bo - som white, And her neck like the swan's on a
lips have tast - ed no more, I ween, Than the glass I drank to the

Chorus.

March morn bright, }
health of my Queen. } Then Or - o, will you come with me, come with me, come with me,

rit.

Or - o, will you come with me brown girl sweet! And, oh, I would go through

rit.

ten.

snow and sleet, If you would but come with me brown girl sweet!

ten.

3. Nine
4. I'll

nights I lay in long - ing and pain, Be -
leave my peo - ple both friend and foe, From

twixt two bush - es be - neath the rain, But from
all the girls in the world I'll go -

Think - ing to see you, Love, once a - gain, But whis - tle, and call, were
you sweet-heart, Oh, nev - er, oh no, Till I lie in the cof - fin stretched

Chorus.

all cold in vain. } Then Or - o will you come with me,
and low. }

come with me, come with me, Or - o will you come with me

brown girl sweet! And, oh, I would go through

rit. snow and sleet, *ten.* If you would but come with me brown girl sweet.

Pastheen Fionn.

OH, my fair Pastheen is my heart's delight,
Her gay heart laughs in her blue eye bright ;
Like the apple-blossom her bosom white,
And her neck, like the swan's on a March morn, bright.
Then Oro, will you come with me, come with me, come with me,
Oro, will you come with me, brown girl sweet !
And, oh, I would go through snow and sleet
If you would come with me, my brown girl sweet.

Love of my heart, is my fair Pastheen,
Her cheeks are red as the rose's sheen,
But my lips have tasted no more, I ween,
Than the glass I drank to the health of my
queen.

Then Oro, will you, etc.

Nine nights I lay in longing and pain,
Betwixt two bushes, beneath the rain,
Thinking to see you, love once again,
But whistle, and call were all in vain.

Then Oro, will you, etc.

I'll leave my people, both friend and foe,
From all the girls in the world I'll go,
But from you, sweetheart, oh never, oh no,
Till I lie in the coffin stretched cold and low !
Then Oro, will you, etc.

GRADH le m' anam mo Pháistín Fionn
A cróidhe 's a h-aighe ag gáireadh liom
A cíocha geala mar bhláth na n-úbhall
'S a píob mar eala lá Márta!

A's óró bog liom-sa 'bog liom-sa 'bog liom-sa !
A's óró bog liom-sa ! A chailín dheas, dhonn !
A's óró bhoghfaínn, dá m-bog fádh-sa liom,
A d-tús an phluide go sásta.

Cara mo chróidhe mo Pháistín Fionn
Bh-fuil a dá ghruadh air lasadh mar bhláth
na ccrann !

Ta me-si sáer air mo Pháistín Fionn,
Acht amháin gur ólas a sláinte.
A's óró bog liom-sa, etc.

Bhídh me naói n-óidhche a'm lúidhe go bocht
O bheith sínte ríaoí an dílinn idis dha thor ;
A chomainn mo chróidhe stigh ! 's mé

ag smuaineadh ort,
'S ná 'faghainn-si le fead 'na le glaoth thú.
A's óró bog liom-sa, etc.

Tréigfead mo charaid 's mo cháirde gaóil,
A's tréigfid mé a maireann de mhnáibh a t-sáoighil ;
Ní thréigfead le'm mharthainn tú, ghrádh mo chróidhe
Go sínfeor a g-cómhra faoi chlár me.
A's óró bog liom-sa, etc.

XIII.

Farewell, my Gentle Harp.
(The Lament of Rory Dall.)

The air is attributed to one of the greatest of Ulster Harpers Rory Dall O'Cahan, who after the downfall of Hugh O'Neill, resided principally in Scotland. He played before James VI. of that Kingdom, l. of England. He died about 1650, at Castle Eglinton, in extreme old age.

Sung by Miss May Coleman and Mr H. Alexander.

Farewell my gentle Harp.

Arr. by C. MILLIGAN FOX.

Voice. *With deep feeling.*

1. Fare - well my gen - tle
2. And oh! 'tis well that

Piano. *p*

harp, fare - well, Thy mas - ter's toils are near - ly o'er; These
age and pain May find a home where mer - cy dwells; For

chords that wont with joy to swell, Shall thrill no more. My
here the wound - ed heart in vain Its sor - row tells. No

The musical score is arranged in three systems. Each system contains a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The vocal line is written on a single staff with a treble clef and a common time signature (C). The piano accompaniment is written on two staves (treble and bass clefs) with a common time signature (C). The piano part begins with a piano (p) dynamic marking. The lyrics are written below the vocal line, with some words split across lines. The score includes various musical notations such as notes, rests, and slurs.

faith - ful harp, the wild and gay And plain - tive notes were
more my soul can o'er thee shed The light of song that

cresc.

all thy own; Though now my trem - bling hands can play The
once it knew, The dreams of hope and joy have fled That

sad a - lone. And these a - las! must
fan - cy drew. My faith - ful harp, when

die a - way dead, When I am gone.
I am dead, Be si - lent too.

ppp

p ritard.

Farewell, my Gentle Harp.

FAREWELL, my gentle harp, farewell,
Thy master's toils are nearly o'er ;
These chords that wont with joy to swell,
Shall thrill no more.
My faithful harp, the wild and gay
And plaintive notes were all thy own,
Though now my trembling hands can play
The sad alone,
And these, alas! must die away
When I am gone.

And oh ! 'tis well that age and pain
May find a home where mercy dwells,
For here the wounded heart in vain
Its sorrow tells.
No more my soul can o'er thee shed
The light of song that once it knew,
The dreams of hope and joy have fled
That fancy drew,
My faithful harp, when I am dead,
Be silent too.



No Gaelic words survive in association with this air except the opening line of the lament, "Ta me dall, aosda, a's bacach." ("I am blind, old and beggared." The English words are by an anonymous author, who published the air in an extinct Dublin Magazine in 1842, giving it as taken from a miscellaneous collection of MSS, with a learned disquisition on the surviving compositions of Rory Dall. These include Port Gordon, Port Lenox, Port Atholl, and the exquisite air to which Burns wrote, "Fare thee weel, thou first and fairest." O Cahan's harp key was for long in the possession of Lord MacDonald in Skye, and is alluded to in Dr. Johnson's Tour in the Hebrides.

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